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In May 1315, Lord Edward Bruce, having obtained the consent of the Scotch parliament, embarked six thousand men at Ayr, and accompanied by the De Lacy's, and many nobles of the Scotch nation, landed at Oldfleet, for the purpose of conquering Ireland from the English. Numbers of the Irish chiefs flocked to his standard; and having in a battle totally routed the Earl of Ulster, and slain and taken prisoners various of the Anglo-Norman nobles, he laid siege to Carrickfergus. During the progress of the siege, he had well nigh been discomfited by the courage and desperation of the garrison. Thomas, lord Mandeville, who commanded, made a sally upon the Scotch army, who were apprehending no danger, their only guard being sixty men under Neill Fleming, a man of great courage and address. He perceiving that the Scotch army would be surprised and probably routed, despatched a messenger to inform Bruce of his danger, and then with his sixty men, threw himself in the way of the advancing English, crying out, "Now of a truth they will see how we can die for our lord!" His first onset checked the progress of the enemy, but receiving a mortal wound, he and his little party were cut to pieces. Mandeville, dividing his troops, endeavoured to surround the Scotch army; but was met in person by Bruce who with his guards was hurrying forward. In front of Bruce's party was one Gilbert Harper, a man famed in the Scotch army for valour and strength, and he knowing Mandeville by the richness of his armour, rushed on him, and felled him to the ground with his battle-axe, and then Bruce despatched him with a knife. The loss of the English commander so disheartened the soldiers that they fled back towards the castle; but those who remained in the garrison, seeing the Scots close behind, drew up the drawbridge, leaving their comrades to the mercy of enemies.

Soon after the garrison agreed to surrender within a limited time, and on the appointed day, thirty Scots advanced to take the possession of the place. But instead of surrendering, the garrison seized them as prisoners, declaring they would defend the place to the last extremity! And to a deplorable extremity they were at last reduced, for before they did surrender, it is said that the want of provisions made them devour the thirty Scotchmen whom they had treacherously taken prisoners!

Bruce having secured Carrickfergus, advanced to Dublin, and came so near as Castleknock, within four miles of the city. But finding the citizens prepared for his reception, he entered the county of Kildare, and advanced near Limerick, laying waste the country by fire and sword. But having again to retreat northwards, he was attacked near Dundalk by Sir John Birmingham, was slain, and his army totally routed. King Robert Bruce arrived with a large army; but on learning the fate of his brother, he returned to Scotland, and thus this unfortunate expedition, which had been originally undertaken, not for the good of Ireland, but to gratify the pride and rebellious spirit of an Anglo-Norman chieftain, left the country in a state of greater desolation than any former period of history records.

Carrickfergus continued for many long years to be a stronghold of the English; and even when their power was confined and limited, and the revenues of the Pale so low as that the Irish government thought it too much to maintain a standing army of 140 horse, the lofty and securely built castle remained in their possession. In the year 1503, Con O'Neill, chief of south or upper Clondeboy, whose Castle was that of Castlereagh, was confined here, on account of the following affair. Having about Christmas, 1602, a "grand *debauch*" at Castlereagh, with his "brothers, friends, and followers," he sent his servants to Belfast for more wine. They, in returning, quarrelled with some English soldiers, near the Knock church and they lost the wine. Con was doubtless not a little vexed; and having learned from them that their number exceeded the English soldiers, he swore by "his father, and souls of his ancestors," that they should never be servants of his until they had beaten the "*buddagh Sassenagh soldiers*." This threat roused their courage—they returned, attacked the soldiers, several of whom were killed in the affray. Con was soon after seized as an abettor, and confined for some time. But though he was permitted, after a time,

to walk out through the town attended by a soldier, Con did not relish his limited liberty. But one Thomas Montgomery, the master of a barque which traded to Carrickfergus with meal for the garrison, being employed by his relation Hugh Montgomery, to effect Con's escape, and letters having been conveyed to the prisoner that measures were planning, he made love to Annas Dobbin, the daughter of the provost-marshal, and marrying her, she (and small blame to her) got O'Neill conveyed on board her husband's vessel, and set sail for Ayrshire. Con was afterwards pardoned by James the First, but in the meantime he had been simple enough to make over the greater part of his estate of Clondeboy to the cunning Hugh Montgomery, who procured a new patent, and entered on the possession.

During the wars of 1641, and following years, Carrickfergus became an object of interest to the contending parties, being alternately in the keeping of the Scotch, English and Irish.

The year 1760 is memorable as being the year in which the French, under the command of Commodore Thourot, landed in Carrickfergus, and attacked the town. Though the castle was in a most dilapidated state, a breach being in the wall next the sea fifty feet wide, no cannon mounted, and the garrison few in number, yet Colonel Jennings, encouraged by the mayor and other inhabitants, bravely met the invaders, and when driven back by the superior strength of their assailants, they retreated into the castle, and repulsed the French even though they forced the upper gate. But all the ammunition being expended, a parley was beaten, and the garrison capitulated on honorable terms. During the attack several singular circumstances occurred. When the French were advancing up High-street, and engaged with the English, a little child ran out playfully into the street between the contending parties. The French officer, to his honour be it recorded, observing the danger in which the little boy was in, took him up in his arms, ran with him to a house, which proved to be his father's, the sheriff, and having left him safe, returned to the engagement. This really brave and humane man was killed at Carrickfergus castle gate. During the plundering which took place, two French soldiers entered the house of an old woman named Mave Dempsey, and one of them took her silk handkerchief. Mave, who was a pious Roman Catholic, presented her beads, doubtless expecting that he would be struck with compunction at so forcible an appeal to his conscience. "Ah," said the soldier, with a significant shrug, "dat be good for your soul; dis be good for my body!"

The French kept possession of Carrickfergus for some time; but the alarm having been carried all over the country, and troops gathering fast to attack them, they were constrained to embark on board their vessels and set sail; and two days afterwards were attacked off the Isle of Man by an English squadron, when Commodore Thourot was killed, and the French ships captured, and so ended an expedition which was better executed than planned, cost the French money, men, and ships, without one single advantage to be derived which any man of experience and military discernment could possibly look for.

When we return to Carrickfergus, we will introduce many remarkable and singular things connected with its history, which Mr. M'Skinnin has so ably and so industriously collected.

WHISKEY.

Every country has a spirituous liquor peculiar to itself. In England *gin* is the spirit in general use; it is flavoured with turpentine. In Holland, the spirit called *Jenever Brandewyn*, is flavoured with juniper berries.—Both these are corn spirits, and are strongly diuretic. *Brandy Eau de Vie* is the spirit of France; it is produced from wine; and the flavor peculiar to it, is derived from an essential oil, called the Oil of Wine: it is considered more cordial than other spirituous liquors, and is frequently prescribed as a stomachic. Pure brandy is colourless, but that most used in England is browned by burned sugar. *Arrack* is produced from rice, and is the favourite spirit in India. *Kirch Wasser*, or *Cherry Water*, is the local spirit of Ger-

many and Switzerland; it is distilled from cherries, and holds in combination the prussic acid derived from the kernels. Rum is produced in the West Indies from the uncrystallizable liquor, which remains after the manufacture of sugar; it has a very disagreeable and empyreumatic flavour, when new; and requires age before it can be used. Whiskey is the favourite spirit of Ireland and Scotland; it is distilled from malt in Ireland, but in Scotland from oats, or oats and malt combined. The whiskey generally preferred, is that which has no particular flavour; but there are many who esteem that which has the smell of smoke or peat.

All the above spirits are highly stimulant, and when taken medicinally either to relieve spasm in the stomach, to act as a carminative, to increase the action of the heart and arteries, and to restore the energy of the nervous system, as is sometimes indicated in low fevers and other diseases, they may be resorted to with good and beneficial results; but the practice of drinking them, either ardent or diluted, daily, and to the frightful excess which is too often witnessed in these countries, is most injurious to the constitution of the individual,—prejudicial to the well-being and good order of society, and cannot be too strongly reprobated. We have not space to point out the varied acts of moral delinquency arising from it, suffice it therefore to enumerate some few of the destructive consequences upon the mind and body, which we trust may have the effect of deterring those who have as yet avoided it, from commencing; and causing those who have habituated themselves to the baneful practice, to pause ere it is too late. One of the primary effects, is loss of appetite, and inability on the part of the stomach to digest the food which is received into it; the frame is so debilitated, as a consequence of past excitement, and want of its natural support, that it is again felt necessary to seek temporary relief, from a repetition of the stimulus; this being frequently repeated, lays the foundation of biliary derangement, and ultimately destroys the structure of the liver. Debility, emaciation, and dropsy succeed, and the constitution, once healthy and robust, and which might have endured for a long life, vigorous, by temperance, is broken down, and is only relieved by a lingering death. Many other effects might be enumerated, such as that state or disease, known by the name of *delirium tremens*, in which the nervous system is so completely upset, that the martyr to it can only exist under a state of intoxication. The countenance becomes cadaverous, the mind loses its powers, and every muscle (if mere fibre can be called muscle) is perpetually in a tremulous state, and the being becomes rather a subject of disgust than sympathy.—*Butler*.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

Cheap Beer.—Sir, I send you some receipts for cheap beer, to which, I hope, you will give general publicity. I observe, first, that West Indian molasses is the best for the purpose. It is a kind of treacle, which is sold as it comes from the West Indies, and is known by a gritty substance at the bottom of the cask, more or less like sand, which substance is, in truth, an imperfect sugar. Common treacle will do as well, if the quantity be a little increased, say one pound in six or seven; but the best article of all is the coarsest brown sugar you can get; it is better than the higher-priced for this purpose; and you may use one pound in six less of it than the West Indian molasses. It is, however, dearer upon the whole, though still much cheaper than malt. In making beer from unmalted barley, it is necessary to take good care not to use the water too hot, as, if it be, the barley will set, that is, become pasty, and not allow the water to drain off. Be very particular about this; a little oat chaff well mixed with the barley will go a great way to prevent this accident.

Raw Barley and Molasses.—The use of raw grain with molasses, for making beer, is a most valuable discovery for the middle classes. Put a peck of barley or oats into an oven after the bread is drawn, or into a frying-pan, and steam the moisture from them. Then gird or bruise the grain roughly (not fine), and pour on it 2½ gallons of water, so hot as to pain the finger smartly. Mash it well, and let it stand three hours. Then draw it off, and pour

on every two gallons nine of water rather hotter than the last; but not boiling (say not above 180°). Mash the liquor well, and let it stand two hours before you draw it off. Pour on afterwards 2 gallons of cold water; mash well, and draw off. You will have about 5 gallons. Mix 7 pounds of West Indian molasses in 5 gallons of water; mix it with the wort from the barley; then add 4 oz. of hops, and boil one hour and a half. When cooled to blood-heat, add a teacupful of yeast; cover it with a sack, and let it ferment eighteen hours. In fourteen days it will be good sound fine beer, quite equal in strength to London porter or good ale. The 9 gallons of beer will cost:—1 peck of barley, 1s. 3d.; 7 lbs. of molasses, 1s. 6d. to 2s.; 4 oz. of hops, 3d.: in all, 3s.; or, at most, 3s. 6d.

2. *Malt and Molasses*.—Pour 8 gallons of water at 175°, on a bushel of malt. Mash well; let it stand three hours; draw it off, and add 8 gallons more water at 196°. Mash, and let it stand two hours: add 8 gallons of cold water to the grain, and let it stand three hours and a half. Mix 28 pounds of West Indian molasses in 20 gallons of water, and boil the whole with 2 pounds of hops for two hours. When the liquor is cooled down to 85°, add half a pint of yeast; cover it with a sack, stir it well, and let it ferment twenty-four hours. In proper time you will have 36 gallons of good ale for—1 bushel of malt, 9s.; 28 lbs. of molasses, 6s. to 8s. 2 lbs. of hops, 2s.: in all 17s., or at most, 19s.

3. *West Indian Molasses only*.—Mix 14 pounds of West Indian molasses with 11 gallons of water; boil it for two hours with 6 ounces of hops. Let it become quite cool; add a teacupful of yeast, stir it up, and cover it over with a sack, to keep it warm. Let it ferment sixteen hours, put it into a cask, and keep it well filled up; bung it down in two days, and in seven days it will be fit to drink, and be stronger beer than London porter. This is the simplest of all; a washing copper and a tub, or even a large teakettle, only being requisite. Thus 9 gallons of beer can be made:—14 lbs. of molasses, 3s. or, at most, 4s.; 6 oz. of hops, 4½d.: in all, 3s. 4½d., or, at most, 4s. 4½d.

A small quantity of copperas, or vitriol of iron, about as much as will lie on the point of a small knife, is in general use, to give beer a head, and make it drink pleasant and lively. It is not necessary, but it is not unwholesome in any respect.—*Gardener's Magazine*.

HEROISM.

A corporal of the 17th Dragoons, named O'Lavery, serving under Lord Rawdon in South Carolina, during the American war, being appointed to escort an important despatch through a country possessed by the enemy, was a short time after their departure wounded in the side by a shot, which also laid his companion dead at his feet. Insensible to every thing but duty, he seized the despatch, and continued his route till he sunk from loss of blood. Unable to proceed farther, and yet anxious for his charge, to which he knew death would be no security against the enemy, he then

“ Within his wound the fatal paper plac'd,
Which proved his death, nor by that death disgrac'd.
A smile, benignant, on his count'nance shone,
Pleas'd that his secret had remain'd unknown:
So was he found.”

A British patrol discovered him on the following day, before life was quite extinct; he pointed out to his comrade the dreadful depository he had chosen, and then satisfactorily breathed his last. The Earl of Moira has erected a monument to the hero in the church of his native parish.

THE WICKLOW GOLD MINES.

In Ireland, county of Wicklow, seven miles west of Arklow, about the year 1770, there was an old schoolmaster, who used frequently to entertain his neighbours with accounts of the richness of their valley in gold: and his practice was to go out in the night to search for the treasure. For this he was generally accounted insane. But in some years after, bits of gold were found in a